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THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
AND
OTHER RHYMES
BY
JOHN SALKELD.



22/9/1944

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JOHN SALKELD.

Printed by :

THOMAS HODGSON, PRINTER, "HERALD" OFFICE.

1879.

PREFACE.

TO THE READER OF THESE RHYMES.

THIS book that is before your face,
On which you cast your eyes,
Shows how a pilgrim seeks a place,
A city in the skies ;
Where saints in light, array'd in white,
Their glittering crowns do wear ;
A city of refulgent light,
Where all the blessed are.
A pilgrimage is told of one
Who did from sin arise,
And hurried from the wrath to come,
He ended in the skies ;
Where every one must either be,
When from the earth they go,
Throughout a long eternity,
Or be shut up in woe.
The other rhymes are from the Book
Whose Author cannot lie,
The volume that the pilgrim took
To guide him to the sky ;

In which we see the Lord of all,
Beholds us every one,
The dwellers on this ponderous ball,
Who each will soon be gone.
Then reader see the way to bliss,
In Bunyan's allegory ;
An interesting thing it is
About the way to glory.



LINES ON THE AUTHOR OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

A T Elstow, near to Bedford town,
A noted man of fame—
In sixteen-twenty-eight—was born,
John Bunyan was his name.
And he, by trade, a tinker was—
Awhile did make the tins,
And for the women tagged lace
And other useful things ;
And he was one who walked long
Upon the madman's way—
The foremost of the foolish throng,
Who did the fiend obey.
But thus it was it came to pass,
No matter how or why,
He did repent, and ready was
For God to live and die ;
A preacher he became, and then
Was dragged into fame ;
For preaching Gospel unto men,
A prisoner he became.
In Bedford jail—where some did sigh,
Where dungeons were to see,
Where Ouse was ever rolling by—
A dozen years was he.

The law was then that such as he,
Who preached in the land,
Should every one arrested be,
And trials were to stand.
The pillory and whip were near,
And cross the seas awhile,
Some preachers had the same to fear
In fair Britannia's Isle :
Where we have freedom day by day,
And liberty is seen ;
And where the people love to pray
For God to save the Queen.
John Bunyan liberated was,
In Charlie Second's reign,
And by and by it came to pass
That he to work again ;
And from the Book of God he spake,
And tidings glad he bore
To many whom he did awake,
Whose shadows are no more.
A touching writer, too, was he,
And yet we have the lines
That he has left for us to see—
Worth reading many times.
His "Pilgrim," and his "Holy War,"
Have dwelt beside the Po—
In all Britannia's Isle they are,
And cross the seas they go :

His others works are many a one
That I have never seen,
Who write in rhyme concerning John,
Who had the following dream.
In sixteen-eighty-eight he fell—
For ever was he gone,
And people heard his passing bell
On August thirty-one.
In London town he lost his breath,
But strong in faith was he ;
The Saviour was his all in death,
He had no other plea.
In Bunhill-field, he lieth there
Until the Judge shall come ;
A monument is standing where
To dust the dreamer's gone.
While stars so bright do give their light,
And moon and planets roll,
John Bunyan's name, in black on white,
Will be from pole to pole.



LINES ON THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

IN Bedford, in Britain, John Bunyan did dream,
And unto the people he told it ;
And here it, in measure, may briefly be seen
By any that wish to behold it.
He dreamed he saw a man standing alone—
Distant a few paces from him—
With a book in his hand, and his face from his home,
And a very great burden upon him.
He cried aloud, so alarmed was he,
And, " What shall I do ! " was his cry ;
His volume declared a judgment would be,
And he was unwilling to die :
For he was afraid—as the dreamer has said—
His burden would sink him so low,
That, sooner or later, his tomb would be made,
And he would be dwelling in woe.
And withal he did read, and of that he took heed ;
He learned their city would burn
At some time or other, for that was decreed,
And no one could tell him how soon.

He went home in this plight, and throughout the long
 In sorrow and sadness he lay ; [night
 The morning, to him, was no morn of delight,
 He arose in the following way :
 Decidedly worse—more afraid of the curse—
 And life more uncertain he saw—
 And his burden some heavier he felt that it was,
 And it likely would sink him to woe.
 By two or three neighbours, one day, he was seen,
 And they looked on him in pity,
 While others were thinking he surely had been
 The wickedest man in the city ;
 Or why need he make such ado about sin ?
 Afraid of his being rejected—
 All had transgressed, but who was like him,
 A pitiful, simple, dejected.
 Of frenzy his relatives seemed afraid—
 A madman he surely would be ;
 And foolish ones laughed at words that he said,
 Though not any madman was he.
 One day he went out, he would read in his book—
 The daily companion of him ;
 And often, in sorrow, he at it did look,
 And weep on account of his sin.
 And Evangelist heard him say, what shall I do ?
 And asked, wherefore did he cry ?
 I am so afraid of the judgment, he said,
 Not being prepared to die :

A burden upon me, so heavy to bear,
Doth make me afraid I shall see
The dismal abodes of the lost in despair
For ever, and woe unto me.
Then why art thou here, in bondage and fear,
When there is a way to be free?
Thou standest in jeopardy momentarily here,
And, therefore, thou oughtest to flee :
If thy load were a hill, or a mountain of ill,
How soon would it vanish away—
Wert thou to go seeking the Lord of the hill,
Whose mercy thou needest to-day.
To whither, said he, should I go to be free?
Dear sir, how I long for the way.
Then hearken to me, and determine to flee—
Thy breath may be gone in a day.
Thou seest yon gate, that is closed and straight,
Through it is the heavenly road
On which thou must go to be rid of thy woe—
It leads to the City of God :
And I urge thee to go, to make haste to be seen,
The time for acceptance is now ;
Away with thy burden of what thou hast been,
And this is the way thou shalt do :
Knock at the gate, and believingly wait
In hope—persevere and pray ;
For thou art invited, from early till late,
Cast not the offer away.

They parted, and Christian took his advice,
For that was the name of the man
Who bid an adieu to his children and wife,
And then for Mount Zion began.
He hurried away for the regions of day,
For the land of delight was he bound
In search of his home at the end of the way,
Notwithstanding his neighbours around—
Whose voices were all for him back, it appears,
But he cried—life evermore ;
And did put a finger in each of his ears,
And fled with the burden he bore.
And Obstinate followed, and Pliable, too,
Went speedily after, to try
To stay him from doing as pilgrims do,
That walk in the way to the sky.
But effort was vain, he was cracked in brain ;
Obstinate, being so wise,
Pronounced him crazy again and again—
He returned with a packet of lies :
And Christian made for the heavenly land,
Whose glory no mortal can know ;
And so did the other—the Pliable man—
Whom he had persuaded to go.
And Christian was glad that a neighbour he had
That wished to go on the way,
To be a companion, in shunning the bad,
And in walking to endless day :

And unto his neighbour he willingly told
How eternity all they would spend
In a beautiful city, whose streets were of gold,
That never would come to an end.
At the right hand of God, in that blessed abode,
Pleasures for ever would be ;
For all the redeemed, who served the Lord,
And dazzling ones, they would see—
Adoring the great everlasting I am,
Whose fiat a world could sever ;
And they would sing anthems to God and the Lamb
For ever and ever and ever.
Let us mend our pace to the heavenly place,
For O, how I long to be there ;
I cannot go faster now, Christian says,
I have such a burden to bear.
He went as he could—not so fast as he would—
Conversing on bliss, till they came
To a miry slough, and it was to go through,
And they both tumbled into the same.
And where are we now—said the Pliable one,
Who, busy, was struggling for home—
You may either stick fast with the load you have on,
Or seek the fine city alone ;
If this be the way to the regions of day,
Of which you have spoken before,
Farewell unto you, and the heavenly way—
And Christian saw him no more.

He struggled alone with the weight he had on,
And a sorrowful time had he there ;
But did he not call on the Wonderful One ?
And was he not fervent in prayer ?
A helper was sent, and he willingly went
And pulled him out of the clay,
And set him on ground that was solid and sound,
And again did he go on his way
With the load on his back, till he hit on a chap—
Worldly Wiseman, by name—
Who did all he could to have Christian back
To dwell in that region again.
He told him where Mr. Legality dwelt,
Who soon would ease him of his load—
Would take off the whole of the burden he felt,
And the way to his mansion he shewed.
So Christian aside, to the way that is wide,
And there, for a while, did he go,
But had to repent of his turning aside—
It led to destruction and woe.
He went till he came to Mount Sinai by name,
And there the poor fellow was still—
Confounded, nonplussed, was Christian again—
For fire flew out of the hill.
He stood like one who is nearly undone—
The picture of grief and despair ;
But Evangelist went to the terrified one,
And asked him, what he did there.

I met with a person who turned my face,
For I could be rid of my load
By going to Mr. Legality's place,
And this is the way that he shewed :
Did I not tell thee to go to the gate
Where burdened sinners appear ?
That mountain, ere long, would have sealed thy fate—
No mercy is promised here.
Mr. Legality, in his morality,
Cannot give ease unto thee ;
The man thou didst meet is a liar and cheat—
A deceiver and hater of me.
And woe unto thee, thou hast chosen the way
That leads to where thunders do roar ;
Thy burden, thou feelest, is heavier to-day
Than when I beheld thee before.
Be mute till thou hearest the Word of the Lord
That pierces and cuts to the heart,
And know thou hadst better have faced a sword
Than been on the way that thou art.
The words that he said made him greatly afraid—
He preached him curses for sin ;
Poor Christian was under the law, with its thunder,
Its terrors applied to him :
And he dwelt on the curse till he was worse and worse,
For he sunk to the ground in his woe ;
But Evangelist caught him, and told him who bought him,
And back to the gate he must go.

And he bid him God speed, and he bid him take heed
All the way, as he passed along
To the regions of bliss, then he gave him a kiss,
Which endeth a part of this song.
And Christian did as Evangelist bid—
He got to the gate with his sin,
And blessed the God of all grace that he did,
He hoped that he would get in.
So he knocked there with his hammer of prayer,
Nor had he occasion to wait,
The person, Goodwill—who is gate-keeper still—
Pulled him in at the gate :
And the reason of that was, he might have been shot,
For Beelzebub's castle was near ;
And arrows were flying from thence to the gate,
Every time that a knock was to hear.
Then Christian told him of deeds he had done,
And sorry was he for his sin—
All he made known to the Goodwilled one,
By whom he had entered in.
His burden of trouble, that bent him half double,
He fain would have rid it that day,
But he, at the gate, bid him patiently wait—
His burden would vanish away.
Salvation would be, and his soul would be free,
And a new creature he would become
By virtue of One who had bled on the tree,
Before he was formed in the womb ;

He shew'd him, also, the direction to go,
And narrow, indeed, is the way ;
Broad is the road to destruction and woe,
But not to the portals of day.
Then he girded his loins and he forward did go
Till he came to a house on the way,
Where Mr. Interpreter dwelt long ago,
And where he is unto this day.
And he shewed to Christian some figures he had,
And touching to pilgrim they were ;
Some were alarmers to good and to bad,
And what did he shew him them for ?
To spur him along and be doing his best,
The great King of Kings to obey,
Until he was into the haven of rest,
Where toil is for ever away.
The first of his figures was that of a man,
As grave as a person could be ;
The world behind him and heaven in van,
And one of a thousand was he.
With truth on his lips he was speaking to men
Who needed the truth to be told,
And above him a crown from a cloud hanging down
A diadem studded with gold.
And that was indeed a true figure of one
Whose spirit is ever on high,
What does he care if the world were gone,
If people were fit for the sky.

To realms of joy is he shewing the way,
 And eternal things he is on with ;
 And he will be dwelling in endless day
 When everything here is done with.
 A dusty old parlour was shewed him next,
 And by such a figure he saw
 The heart of a man that had never been swept,
 And how it was swept by the law.
 To clean the said parlour a sweeper did try,
 But the particles flew up and down,
 Till Christian was very nigh choked thereby—
 There was such a dust in the room.
 Now try the Gospel, was said unto one,
 Whose fingers a vessel did seize ;
 Then water she brought and she sprinkled it on,
 And the parlour was cleaned with ease.
 Then Passion and Patience were viewed awhile—
 The former was yet in his sin ;
 The latter drew from him an innocent smile,
 He waited for glory like him.
 The lady was two figures, and Passion was he
 Who stood for the worldly man ;
 A figure as true as a figure can be,
 He wanted his treasure in hand.
 Glory for ever was offered to him,
 For trifles he had of a day
 By him who is Lord of the bright cherubim
 But he would not barter that way.

- Any good thing he would have it to-day,
If possibly he could be at it ;
And take his chance afterwards—that was his way,
Not caring a fig if he got it.
- Passion had eyes and he walked by sight,
No faith in the future had he ;
In vanities often he found a delight,
And treasure he loved to see ;
But Patience was waiting—was patiently waiting,
He daily did wait for his prize ;
And scorning the things that his master was hating,
Was sure of a place in the skies.
Then Christian was led to a place by the hand,
Where he beheld labourers twain ;
Christ and the Devil, as I understand,
Were working together amain.
He did see a fire burn hotter and higher,
Tho' Satan cast water upon it,
To put out the light is the Devil's desire,
And if he could he would have done it.
But Christ was at work and he baff'd the liar,
Who cast on it water amain ;
He secretly poured oil into the fire
And Satan did labour in vain.
And is it not very encouraging, that
To those who are struggling along
To a glorious place where the Devil is not,
Their Lover is helping them on.

The next of his figures—a beautiful sight,
A palace all grand to behold ;
And on the top of it he saw with delight
Some persons attired in gold.
And people were standing in view of the door,
And many would fain have been in ;
But the entrance into it sideways and before
Was guarded by Beelzebub's men.
Whoever would enter must make an adventure,
The beautiful palace to win ;
He saw a man fighting until he did enter,
And there was rejoicing within.
The next thing he saw was a serious sight,
Intended to make him take heed ;
He could not behold such a thing with delight,
It was an alarmer indeed.
In a dark room was a man of despair,
As sad as a mortal can be ;
Without any hope was he coop'd in there,
And once a professor was he.
But having left off to be sober and watch,
He became a neglecter of prayer ;
Alas ! it was thus that he came to be such,
And perchance he would die in despair.
Then Christian was had to a room to a man
Who just from his sleep had awaked,
And as he his raiment began to put on
He trembled and was agitated.

And Christian would know why it was he did so,
The man so alarmed did seem ;
And his reason for that, in a moment they saw,
He had had a terrible dream.
He dreamed the world had come to an end,
Enough, quite enough, to confound him ;
And he was unfit as he thought to ascend,
To Him who had seraphs around him.
He saw many people, by angels were caught,
To glorious mansions to dwell ;
And he saw the Judge frowning upon him he thought,
And he fain would have hidden himself.
The bottomless pit he perceived was nigh,
And "Cast the tares into the lake"—
Was sternly pronounc'd by the King of the sky,
And not any one could escape.
The man did awake and had reason to shake,
For every day that is more near ;
The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall awake,
And the wheat and the tares shall appear.
And Christian in fear the man's dream he did hear,
He once having dreamed the same :
The Judge of the earth bade the world draw near,
And the heavens were all in a flame.
The bottomless pit open'd just where he stood,
And he was the one was a tare ;
And he was descending as fast as he could,
To dwell with the lost in despair.

Consider these things, the Interpreter said,

And ever believe and obey ;

They put thee in hope, and they put thee in fear,

And they will be helpers when danger is near,

And now thou mayest go on thy way.

Then he departs, and thus he sings,

As he begins to go—

'Tis here I have seen many things

That pilgrims ought to know.

And shall I on the way forget

The sights that were to see ;

And shall I not be circumspect,

It surely cannot be ?

The hopeless man, the awful dream,

And Christ at work are more

To me than all the sights have been,

That I have seen before.

In hope of life I take the road,

And may I watchful be ;

And may I have to praise the Lord

To all eternity.

He went on in haste till he saw like a cross,

And it was a cross right on his way,

And when he got to it his burden fell off,

And no one can tell to this day

How happy he was, or the state he was in,

The water did stand in his eyes,

And three shining ones did appear unto him,

And that was a joyful surprise,
And a roll for his comfort they gave him to read,
And told him his sins were away,
And they off with his rags that were filthy indeed,
And clad him in pilgrim's array ;
And they gave him the peace that he never had had,
Since he saw the light of the day ;
And they sealed him too and the Pilgrim was glad,
And then the three shiners away ;
And Christian leapt for joy, and he sang—
We have it in brief to this day,
Shewing the state of the pardoned man,
Whose load had been taken away.

“ Thus far did I come laden with my sin,
Nor could ought ease the grief I was in,
Till I came hither, what a place is this,
Must here be the beginning of my bliss,
Must here the burden fall from off my back,
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack.
Blest cross, blest sepulchre, and ever blessed be
The One that there was put to shame for me.”

Which may be read as follows :—

The load of sin that I have borne,
That caused me to fear,
From me it never could be torn,
Till I arrived here.

O what a place is this to me,
 And did I cause His pain ?
 And for it I must eased be,
 And I shall leap again.
 And of the cross my song shall be,
 And I shall bless the name
 Of Him who hung thereon for me,
 And leap for joy again.
 And when my faith is lost in sight,
 And Jesus I behold,
 I'll sing with all the saints in light,
 Through ages yet untold.
 Then three men he saw fast asleep on the way,
 With irons and fetters upon them,
 Simple, and Sloth, and Presumption were they,
 And he could see danger among them.
 He knew the Destroyer was stirring about,
 And in such a way he could take them ;
 And therefore he thinks he will give them a shout,
 And he does all he can to awake them.
 He gets them to speak, but it is in their sleep,
 And in vain does he try to awake them,
 The counsel he gives he may just as well keep,
 So he is oblig'd to forsake them,
 Sloth was for sleeping, come of it what would,
 And Simple no danger could see,
 And Presumption presumed to stand like a tub,
 Upon his own bottom would be,

And as he was musing and thinking of them,
He meets with another surprise,
What does he see but a couple of men,
And behold they were bound for the skies,
But they scaled the wall on his left and he saw them
Jumping right into the way ;
And he made it a part of his business to know them,
And where were they from he did say,
Hypocrisy told him (for that was his name
And Formalist that of the other)
It was from the land of vain glory they came,
And were going for praise to another.
By such an expression he instantly saw,
That he was with ignorant men,
And he thought it his duty some Scripture to shew,
And thus he did say unto them,
But do you not know ye have broken the law ?
A thief and a robber is he
Who goeth not in at the wicket below,
Where Goodwill is ever to see.
They said such a route was a long way about,
And therefore their countrymen all,
Hundreds who had for Mount Zion set out,
Like them had gone over the wall.
But Christian said I am greatly afraid
That thus you are breaking the law ;
They told him he need not to bother his head,
A custom they had to do so.

What signifies custom he said unto them,
Many a bad custom has been,
And that is as bad as the worst among men,
Unfit for a peasant or queen.
He quoted and talked and wasted his breath,
Concerning their customs and law,
One takes the way that is leading to death,
The other the way unto woe ;
And Christian gets to a difficult hill,
And he looks and he looks at the same,
And he must ascend it, he drinks at a spring,
And then he surveys it again.
And seeing the two that were easier ways,
He soliloquizes as follows—
“The hill, tho’ high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty shall not me offend,
For I perceive the way to life lies here,
Come pluck up heart, nor neither faint nor fear,
Better, tho’ difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, tho’ easy, where the end is woe.”
Then up hill he went, and he did do his best,
Determined of reaching the summit,
He went till he came to an arbour of rest,
And there on a seat he sat in it,
Till asleep he did fall and he lost his roll,
That comforted him on his way,
But a scriptural monitor gave him a call
At least he heard something to say—

Thou sluggard go unto the ant
Consider her ways and be wise ;
No more at the time did he want
To make him begin to arise.
He out of the harbour and off he did set,
For he had been loitering he saw ;
And Mistrust and Timorous returning he met,
No further they wished to go ;
You, run the wrong way, unto them he did say,
And sirs I should like to know why ?
A couple of lions we saw on the way,
Was Mr. Mistrustful's reply,
Then Christian said, you do make me afraid,
But death is behind me I know ;
Forward is life everlasting, he said,
And forward again I must go.
They parted, and Christian thought of his roll,
To comfort him as he went on,
But he was the man with the sorrowful soul,
That moment he found it was gone.
He turned his face, and he off to the place
Where he thought he had lost it asleep,
And he sought it awhile and how joyful he was
On seeing it under the seat ;
He snatched it up in a moment, and he
Gave thanks to the King of the sky,
For guiding his feet unto where he could see
His precious treasure did lie.

Then forward he went, and he did go amain,
But very far spent was the day,
That made him remember his sleeping again,
And lions would be on his way ;
And he in a land where the night was at hand,
Where was his lodging to be ?
When others reposed perchance he would stand,
In darkness be under a tree.
He hasted away by the remnant of day,
And he looked for lions with care,
And a beautiful place he beheld on his way,
And Watchful, the porter, was there,
And so were the lions a little before him,
On the wayside were the two,
A couple, the same as Mistrustful had told him,
And what did the Pilgrim do ?
He halted and said, they do make afraid,
And I fear a retreat is at hand,
But Watchful, the porter, beheld him and said,
Why art thou making a stand ?
Chain'd are the lions that soon would have torn thee,
And they may roar at thee to-day,
For trial of faith they are placed before thee,
Keep thou upon the mid-way.
When that he did hear he went forward in fear.
And they roared as he passed by,
And grateful was he that a porter was near,
Who served the King of the sky.

Then Christian got in to the beautiful place,
Where supper and lodging were free,
And where all the dwellers were saved by grace,
And grand conversation had he ;
There he saw Prudence, Discretion, and more,
One Piety questioned him,
And so did they all, and how joyful they were
That he was a hater of sin.
And throughout the evening they talked of One,
Such a lover of souls He had been,
What He had suffer'd and what He had done
For them, was the glorious theme ;
And who served Him best was the head of the rest,
Tho' poor as an owlet can be,
And everyone tried to love Him the best,
Each crying He died for me.
And He was the Son of the Ancient of Days,
Whose goings are from everlasting,
Whose marvellous works are a part of His ways,
And Redemption His moulding and casting.
And that He who is rolling the planets along,
His only begotten should send,
The just for the unjust, demanded a song
That never should come to an end ;
Together they sung of the wonderful One,
Hosannah to Him that was slain,
A glorious anthem for Christian's tongue,
It was a Jerusalem strain.

Then where was his bed, if they pleased, he said,
 Awhile he would like to prepare,
 He never got in without speaking to Him
 Who answers the publican's prayer.
 In the chamber of peace, that belonged to a niece
 Of Watchful the porter, whose name
 Was Joy-in-the-Lord, she her bed could afford,
 And he could repose in the same.
 Awhile did he kneel in devotion to Him
 Who maketh the thunders to roar,
 Then unto the pillow awaiting for him,
 Where Joy had reposed before.
 When Christian awoke at the break of the day,
 Joy-in-the-Lord being near,
 He soliloquized, she heard him to say,
 Whom should a pilgrim fear ?
 Where am I now, is heaven begun,
 Am I already glory's son,
 Adopted and forgiven ?
 Then bless the Blessed One who came,
 Let all within me bless His name
 Till I am into Heaven,
 Where I shall praise Him as I ought,
 Be with Him too, delightful thought,
 Array'd I know not how.
 I may be walking in His sight,
 Upon the golden streets in white,
 With laurels on my brow.

And now was he ready and off would he go,
And some of the dwellers did set him,
And when he got into the valley below,
The worst of his enemies met him,
'Twas there that a fiend from the Tophet below,
In a hideous form did appear,
To turn him or strike him down dead at a blow,
But He that is stronger was near ;
A parley they had, and Apollyon got mad,
For Christian would be on his way,
Or else would he fight with the armour he had,
Which led to a serious affray ;
A battle began with the fiend and the man,
Who must have been valiant and bold,
No one can tell but the dreamer himsel'
How dreadful it was to behold ;
Darts thick as hail the old dragon did throw,
Red-hot from the furnace of hell,
And Christian stood with his face to the foe
And bravely defended himsel',
Until he lost hold of his two-edged sword,
And then to be worsted he seem'd,
But the Lord unto him was as good as His word
In the battle he fought with the fiend.
He finally won it, Apollyon begun it,
It lasted above half a day.
And when the fiend saw that the pilgrim had won it
He fled like a dragon away.

And Christian applied some leaves,
 That came from the Paradise tree,
 A balm for his wounds he receives,
 And immediately healed was he.
 And then he goes on till he comes to a place,
 Not very desirous to enter,
 The Valley or Vale of the Shadow of Death,
 And through it the pilgrim must venture.
 Two men were returning, who told him they saw
 Hobgoblins and fiends of the pit,
 And heard dreadful howlings of people in woe,
 And satyrs and death were in it ;
 But I must traverse it in darkness, said he,
 For on the path narrow it lies,
 And tho' it be no way desirous to me,
 It is on the way to the skies.
 David and Job and some others were in,
 Awhile they were in the dark vale,
 Their praising-God-voices to mourning had been,
 They told a lamentable tale.
 So Christian did walk through the Shadow of Death,
 But he had a staff and a rod,
 And they were his comfort, and he could have faith,
 In darkness he trusted in God ;
 At last he got through it, the sun did arise.
 And as he was musing in hope,
 A little before him a cave he espies,
 And whom did he see but the Pope,

Who told him in anger they never would mend
Till more of the pilgrims were burned ;
But thanks unto heaven all that's at an end,
And pilgrims cannot be turned.
Years rolled on, when the said Mr. Pope
(That mortal whom Christian espied)
Could either have twitch'd him with lever and rope,
Or caused his flesh to be fried ;
Blood he has spilled, and men he has killed,
By flame and by torture untold,
All on the way, trying to get to Mount Zion—
That city of jasper and gold.
But Christian perceived the burner was old,
And stiff in his joints—he will die,
His life has been long, as our annals have told,
And he stood—nay, I know not how high ;
Christian did pass him and onward did go,
With his face to the regions above,
And he overtook Faithful, a pilgrim also,
And they walked together in love.
And Faithful did tell him of all he had seen—
Of all he had met on his way,
One Madam Wanton—alluring to him—
Had very nigh led him astray ;
She promis'd him this, and she promis'd him that,
And he could be ever content
In pleasure and mirth, and I cannot tell what,
If up and down with her he went,

She stood so alluring, upon the highway,
 And he being then in his prime,
 She might have succeeded to lead him astray,
 But he had his thoughts at the time.
 Faithful remembered a saying of old—
 Of a pilgrim that with her did go,
 But had to repent it, he afterwards told—
 Her steps are to sorrow and woe.
 Then Adam, the first in the town of Deceit,
 He wanted the pilgrim to dwell
 With him and his daughters in Beautiful Street,
 As long as he lived himself ;
 And many delights was the work he would find,
 And at parting he should be his heir,
 And Faithful, the pilgrim, was rather inclin'd—
 He seemed to promise so fair :
 But seeing his forehead, he instantly reads,
 Without any glasses at all—
 Put off the Old Man, with his words and his deeds,
 And that had been written by Paul ;
 Which led him to think he would have to repent,
 He saw the Old Man was a knave,
 And it came burning hot to his mind if he went,
 That he would be sold for a slave.
 Then in a moment he quitted the wight,
 And he on his journey did go ;
 And one followed after, as swift as the light,
 And knocked him down at a blow,

He asked him why he had served him thus,
And begged for mercy in vain,
Because he inclined to Adam the first,
And then he struck at him again.
'Twas Moses, and he would have killed him there—
His blood he intended to spill ;
But one, who is merciful, bade him forbear.
And he was the Lord of the Hill.
Then Christian said unto Faithful, his brother,
Saw you aught else on the way ?
I saw Discontent, and one Shame was a bother—
He wished to lead me astray :
He followed me up and he followed me down,
Wherever I went he was at me—
Calling me names—I resembled a clown,
Afraid the destroyer would get me.
Going to churches and chapels of ease,
Awhile to attend to the speaking,
And then away home, to be unto my knees—
He said it was low and was sneaking ;
And was it not very offensive to Pride,
And he was a near relation ;
Did I want every old friend at my side
Banished out of the nation.
He called the business a pitiful one,
That recommended by Paul ;
How many evils had some people done
Who never repented at all.

If by self-denial I had to be bound,
And shut in the prison Restriction,
Where was the pleasure that ought to be found
In beautiful volumes of fiction ?—
In theatres, operas, party, or ball,
Or for the pic-nic to be dressing—
Harmless amusements, attended by all
Save those of his serious profession.
And as they were talking, a man they did see—
One Talkative walked along,
And a tinkling cymbal he proved to be,
Like many a talkative one.
Are you bound for Mount Zion ? said Faithful to him,
For thither I'm steering, said he ;
That's well, said the pilgrim again unto him,
And so, my companion, are we.
Our company now is amounting to three,
And may we converse about heaven,
Where all the redeemed for ever are free,
Whose sins were so freely forgiven.
I'll talk about aught to our profit, said he—
Things coming, or present, or gone,
To speak about heaven is good unto me,
For there is the wonderful One ;
Or anything else. I can talk about war,
Or peace, so desirous to me,
Or things that are foreign, in countries afar,
Or aught that we every day see.

To whom they did say, we are happy this day,
To open our bosoms to thee,
They told him of all they had met on the way ;
And unto the couple said he—
How gladly do I shew the way to the sky,
And that you are yet in the same,
Does make me rejoice in the Shepherd on high ;
Hosannah be unto His name.
You may dwell in a glittering pavillion with him,
Be crowned in endless day,
By ever detesting the odious thing,
And casting your idols away.
He gave them advice, and they heard that a preacher
Was speaking to them on the way ;
The sermon they heard unto each was a reacher,
And they would be glad to obey.
Moreover, he told them that they would see men,
Ruffians, that would not adore them,
And bonds and afflictions awaited for them,
And death was a little before them.
They thanked him kindly, and told him withal,
To die for the Lamb they would be
As willing as was either Peter or Paul,
Were such the Almighty's decree.
They must have been each a Jerusalem blade,
Valiant for truth in the land ;
Christian and Faithful were nothing afraid,
Tho' martyrdom seemed at hand.

They kissed and parted, all being kind hearted,
Their souls were united in love,
And again for the kingdom the pilgrims started,
Still seeking the Zion above.
On their Christian race was a populous place,
They got into Vanity's town,
And awhile they did go in Britannia's row,
Where they could see all up and down.
Confusion and hurry, and bustle and stir,
Thousands were buying and selling ;
An every-day fair had the folks got up there,
And many a lie they were telling :
And seeing the pilgrims, was said unto them
By traffickers what will you buy ?
We buy the truth, said the peaceable men,
A rather uncommon reply.
And they turned their eyes from the vanity wares,
And tried to deafen their ears ;
Their traffic was all in eternal affairs,
And they would buy truth it appears ;
But none was to sell at the every-day fair.
They might have got hundreds of lies
For nothing, as long as the sellers were there ;
But they must have truth for the skies.
The sellers did stare at such men at the fair,
And every one hated the twain,
Who neither would buy any vanity ware,
Nor scarcely would glance at the same.

As outlandish men they began to look on them ;
Whoever saw such a pair ?
And the sooner the better they were from among them
There was a hubbub at the fair :
And the pilgrims were blamed for such an uproar,
And they ought to be holden and bound ;
Whoever heard such a story before,
The person is not to be found.
Nevertheless they were taken and tried
By Hategood, for that was the name
Of the judge who condemned that couple so quiet ;
• And Faithful expired in flame.
Like the Tishbite of old, he away to his sire—
The nearest route to be found ;
From thence to the skies, in a chariot of fire,
While heavenly trumpets did sound :
And many did witness the pilgrim's departure,
And many did laugh at his cries ;
But one of the town, by his death, was converted—
Hopeful set off for the skies.
And Christian escaped, and Hopeful and he,
As brothers, together did go
On the path, narrow, where crosses would be,
While they were sojourning below.
Sweet converse they had, and were each very glad,
And pleasant the moments did fly,
And as they were speaking of walking with God,
A traveller they did espy :

On the path, narrow, before them was he—
 Resembling one of the wise,
 With his face unto Zion, he seemed to be
 Traversing the way to the skies.
 They soon overtook him ; and where was he from ?
 What country had he been in ?
 And how far that way did he mean to go on ?
 Was spoken by them unto him.
 The traveller said unto them, in reply,
 It was from Fair-speech that he came,
 To seek for a place far away in the sky,
 Then please to pronounce us your name.
 But that was declined, for thus did he say—
 I am unto you as unknown,
 And I shall be glad to go with you this way ;
 If not, I must travel alone.
 Then Christian said, I have heard of Fair-speech,
 And wealthy folks dwell at the same.
 O yes, said the man, I have kindred who each
 Have got a respectable name.
 Who, if you please, may your kindred be—
 Is any a man of renown ?
 My lord, Turn-about, and Time-server, said he,
 And Fair-speech, the lord of the town,
 And Mr. Two-faces, and Mr. Smooth-man,
 Were flourishing there amidst houses and land ;
 And Mr. Be-anything, he was akin,
 And so was the parson, own uncle to him,

And as to himself, he could boast if he would,
Having done what he called so very much good,
By looking one way, and rowing another ;
So his estate had been got—
Not a square foot by his father or mother,
Whose names he has mentioned not.
He said that his wife and he differed from some
Who faced all weather, whatever should come,
The wind and the tide, and he could not tell what,
Some men he believed was so rigid as that ;
But every man had his own way and his whim,
And sunshiny weather was pleasing to him,
'Twas then in his slippers he walked the best,
The easiest way unto endless rest.
Then Christian stepped aside to his brother,
And said in a whispering way—
I believe we have By-ends, and not any other,
In company with us this day,
And if I were sure, no, not for an hour,
With such a disgrace would I be ;
Money with him is the glorious thing,
And a knave and a villain is he.
They made out his name, and they made it out plain,
Although he did partly deny it ;
By-ends, of Fair-speech, was not a nick-name,
For every one called him by it.
They then bid adieu all at once to his face,
Unless he would daily depart

From every idol, and pray for the grace
 That killeth deceit in the heart :
 But that was in vain, so they gave him a nod,
 And left him to seek for the city of God.
 But By-ends was not many minutes alone,
 Being soon overtaken by three,
 Whose names are as follow—one Mr. Save-all,
 A grub of a fellow was he ;
 Another was Money-love, all for the gold—
 He minds me of Jeffry Jones ;
 And another the world he wished to own
 As long as he stirred his bones.
 They fell into crack about this thing and that,
 And before them they happen'd to see
 Two pilgrims, walking upon the same track,
 And they wondered who they could be ;
 And By-ends did open his mouth unto them
 In freedom, and thus he did say—
 They are a strange couple of far countrymen,
 That go the Jerusalem way.
 Money-love said, but they ought to have staid ;
 If we, in a band, were to go,
 Where is the lion would make us afraid ?
 Suppose we give them a soho.
 But they are so rigid, said By-ends again,
 I'll bet any wager, that we—
 In company with such a couple of men—
 Would not for a moment agree ;

They say they have given up all for the Lord,
Who showereth His blessings on men ;
And no matter how weather be on the road,
Nor what people say about them.
The storm and the tempest, the wind and the tide,
Yon couple will face any day,
And fight opposition, if truth be denied,
Or do anything to obey.
They cannot be wise, Hold-the-world replies,
Let any one look at the bee,
In summer she stirs, and in winter she lies,
And so, my good fellows, will we.
Let us be wise as the serpent, that loves
To bask in the rays of the sun ;
And let us beware about making our moves,
When storms of adversity come.
If heaven has scattered her blessings around,
Who are so foolish as they,
Forsaking them all for the pilgrim's ground,
Where people should live by the way.
They talked awhile, till they all did agree
To salute the pilgrims again,
Who both were in view ; they could easily see
Some scripture to justify them.
Concerning the money they loved so well :
Abraham, how much had he ?
And Solomon, the wisest, could any one tell
What half of his fortune would be ?

And a good man shall lay up the gold as the dust,

As the good man of Uz did declare ;

Then may we not get it ? We may, and we must,

If we can come at it by fair.

Increasing their speed, the said men overtook

The couple of pilgrims again ;

And when they had given each one a salute,

A question was put unto them,

Concerning a disher, that once had a chance

Of getting more customers in,

By becoming a religioso at once.

He did so : and was it a sin ?

Then Christian said unto them that a babe

In religion might answer it well :

It was hypocritical and devilish, he said,

And did it not savour of hell ?

It was like following Christ for the loaves and the fishes,

Assuming religion for gain ?

By an outward pretence he was selling more dishes,

And that was his end and his aim.

They stared at each, and had nothing to say,

Tho' Mr. By-ends was among them ;

And Christian and Hopeful did go on their way,

And were glad enough to be from them.

They did not go far till a trial was near,

Having got to the side of a hill ;

Turn-away Demas to them did appear,

And silver he had in his till.

And a warning it was on the heavenly track,
For Christian's volume did say
That she was transformed for just looking back,
She stepped not out of the way.
And Hopeful said he was as guilty, or worse,
He verily wished to stay
To dig in the mine till he filled his purse,
And then to be off on his way.
Let us be watchful and fervently pray,
Said Christian, as long as we go,
And never forget such a sight on the way,
Lest we should look back unto woe.
The greatest that ever did walk to and fro,
Who maketh the sun to arise,
Hath bid us remember Lot's wife, as we go
Traversing our way to the skies.
May the God of all grace help us on to the place,
To the land of delight, where we may
Have fulness of joy in the light of His face,
Whose presence is never away.
'Tis true that He knew us before we were born,
'Tis true that He seeth our doings ;
Can any one thing to the Lord be unknown,
Whose eyes are upon our goings ?
They left the old pillar and walked along,
By a sweet flowing river they trod,
The river of life, it was that by Saint John,
And by David, the river of God,

On the margin thereof, were the pastures in green,
And trees ornamental, were bearing
Fruits for the pilgrims, and many were seen
And visited by the wayfaring.
By the river of God they would frequently sit,
And repeatedly drink of the same ;
So much were their spirits refreshed by it,
And withal they revered its name.
They praised their Shepherd again and again,
Unto many delights he had led them ;
The river of God, they could drink of the same,
And in the green pastures he fed them.
But that passed over, the men did discover
The river was leaving their way,
That did become rough, and was like to be rougher,
And very depressed were they.
A little before them, and on the left hand,
A beautiful meadow was there,
And a stile to go over ; and Christian did stand
Upon it, and he did declare,
That way and their way would certainly meet,
It was a foot-way, as he saw,
And it was the easier way for their feet,
If only his brother would go.
So Hopeful, the pilgrim, did give his consent,
And soon they were over the stile,
And on the by-path, in the meadow they went,
And all seemed right for awhile,

Till night came upon them, with thunder and fire—
The peals were terrific to man,
And flashes of fire were nigher and nigher,
And clouds in the heavens began
To rain, it in torrents ; Vain-confidence fell ;
They heard him rush into a pit,
And called upon him, but what could he tell,
Being dashed to pieces in it.
Then back they would go, it was time to do so ;
Distinctly they heard a voice saying,
On the way that thou wentest before thou must go,
So there was no time for delaying.
They turn and they cry to the King of the sky,
Who seeth their lanterns unlighted ;
The darkness prevails, and the waters are high,
And they are the couple benighted.
A shelter they found in the enemy's ground,
And there they reposed till morning,
When a giant in size bade the couple arise ;
That must have been very alarming.
The pilgrims he found, as he walked his round,
And by his own law he could hold them,
Because they were found on his good meadow ground,
Where they had no business, he told them.
He drove them away from the light of the day,
Direct to his Castle of Doubting,
And hunger'd them there, till the pilgrims were spare
And dejected, and very ill-looking.

From Wednesday morning till Saturday night,
In a dungeon their ivory rested ;
And by the big monster, a wonderful height,
The pilgrims were often molested :
A cudgel had he, of a grievous crab tree, .
And merciless blows did he deal them ;
And he had a Misses, no better than he,
She wished the pilgrims to feel them.
The giant, one day, to the pilgrims did say
(And he gave them a cudgelling too),
To come to an end by the speediest way,
Is what I would have you to do.
The life you are living is miserable now,
And will be while it is remaining,
If I can do duty—and heaven allow—
To-morrow shall bring you a maiming,
He left the two men to consider, and then
Suicide Christian spoke of ;
But Hopeful would not, being wiser than he,
For there was a hell to be thought of.
Who knows, said the pilgrim, but we may escape,
And such a thing may be this week too ;
Let us be hopeful, and patiently wait,
There is a great King we may speak to.
Let us confide in the Ancient of Days,
The great Everlasting, who thunders,
The Monarch that moves in mysterious ways
When He is performing His wonders.

We may be cast down, and we are at this day,
Our organs are tuned to mourning,
But let us remember how Shadrach and they
Were every one snatch'd from the burning.
This giant sometimes is bereft of his wits,
And we may perchance to escape them ;
In sunshiny weather he taketh his fits,
So let us be patient and wait then.
The giant goes in to his prisoners again,
And his counsel they both have rejected,
At which he is crazy ; he telleth the men
His cudgel will not be neglected.
It should be no better, not any for them,
He would visit the prisoners again,
And shew them the bones and the skulls of the men
Whom he had both taken and slain.
To hear him talk thus made the pilgrims worse,
And Christian to Hopeful did say,
With the rills on his cheek, he unto him did speak
Again of the suicide way.
But that was self-murder, said Hopeful to him
And to where would the murderer go,
'Twas every way likely, who did such a thing,
Was meet for the regions of woe.
Consider, he said, how the man thou hast play'd,
Thou foughtest Apollyon, and when
At Vanity Fair thou wast nothing afraid
Of the most diabolical men ;

What brushes thou stoodest before being here,
On whom did thy spirit rely, man,
That now thou art nothing but doubting and fear,
Although thou art stronger than I am.
Let us be patient and hope for the best,
And let us be often at prayer ;
And let us think more of the realms of the blest
And less about Giant Despair :
Of whom, I may say to my brother this day,
I would he were killed by any ;
If he and his cudgel were out of the way,
It would be a blessing to many.
Again the affrighter goes unto the men,
Who are not by heaven forsaken ;
And again he beholds them alive in his den,
So unto the dead they are taken :
He shews them the bones and the skulls of the men,
Till he sees how they stare at each other ;
And then he drives back to the dungeon again—
Hopeful and his dear brother.
Sometime about midnight the men were at prayer,
And one in the heavens did hear ;
Before the day dawned, said Christian there—
How foolish are we to be here ;
A key, called Promise, I have it by me,
Will open the locks, every one
That are in this Castle of Doubting, said he,
So let us prepare to be gone.

Sayest thou so, that is news unto some,
How welcome the tidings to me ;
Is the glorious time of our liberty come ?
I've faith in the promise, said he.
They tried the key, and it fitted the locks,
And did open them every one ;
And when the old giant arose from his stocks,
Behold the believers were gone.
Having got to the stile that did lead them astray,
They set up a pillar of warning ;
Engraving thus in Britannia's way,
The words were as follows in rhyming :—
Out of the way we went awhile,
Let others be aware,
For by this pillar is the stile
That led us to Despair.
Having signed in full, on the pillar, each name,
Their faces are unto Mount Zion again.
They see the Delectable Mountains at hand,
That Christian saw from afar ;
And the pilgrims do enter Immanuel's land,
Where heaven's ambassadors are.
Experience, and Knowledge, and Watchful are there,
And so is the Shepherd Sincere ;
And they being men that are given to prayer,
Some serious sights do appear.
But first they salute, and they question the two
Concerning their works and believing,

Who answers the same satisfactorily, too,
And every sin-hold they are leaving,
The Shepherds they walk unto eminent ground,
And the pilgrims do follow their leading ;
And beautiful is the fair landscape around,
Where many redeemed are feeding.
Then from the Hill Error, that was very steep,
The pilgrims beheld at it's bottom,
Fragments of men that did lie in a heap,
Uncoffined, unburied and rotten.
These, said the Shepherds, whose names are in story,
Who down such a precipice fell,
Were travellers once to the regions of glory :
Their backs were awhile unto hell.
Then unto Mount Caution they lead them aright,
And they bid them to look all around,
With two pair of eyes they must seek for a sight,
And soon an alarmer they found.
From the summit thereof as they looked around,
Without a perspective they saw
Men without eyes on Immanuel's ground,
Among the tombs, wandering below.
All whom the destroyer had then in his snare,
Without any light they did wander,
Among the dead ones, many people were there,
He had blinded a very great number.
They lent them a glass on the mountain of Clear,
And what do the pilgrims espy ?



The celestial city to them did appear,
The Zion of God in the sky.
It was but a glimpse of the glory thereof,
What eyes such a sight could behold,
A glittering city whose walls were of jasper,
And every street in it of gold.
They opened a door in the side of a hill,
And the bottomless pit is below,
That, said the shepherds, is one way to hell,
It is a bye-way unto woe.
For such as do perish where Gospel is known,
Who seem to be out of their senses ;
Thinking to live to Jehovah alone,
By forms and by outward pretences.
All were professors who entered that way,
Whose hearts were not right in the land ;
No others ever by night or by day,
Had gone the bye-way to the damn'd.
What need of the strength that is never denied
To askers upon the King's way,
And when you have got it, the shepherds replied,
To use it by night and by day.
And wise were the shepherds who constantly trod,
Who daily did walk as the wise ;
Who followed the steps of a crucified God,
To bliss evermore in the skies.
Having seen many things and been much edified
By walking awhile with the wise,

The pilgrims would off to the city they spied,
 Their endless home in the skies.
 The shepherds then gave them a note of the way,
 And heartily wished them well,
 And bade them beware of the flatterer's snare,
 And every way leading to hell.
 The pilgrims departed for Zion, and they
 Perceived a long crooked lane,
 And a person came down it right into their way,
 And Ignorance stood for his name.
 So Christian asked him where he was from,
 And whither away he was bound ?
 Thinking he might be a good-for-nought one,
 So many were then to be found.
 From self-conceit country it happened he came,
 And they were for Zion he saw,
 And he would be glad to accompany them
 On the way they were wishing to go.
 But at the gate narrow thou camest not in,
 Preferring the serpentine lane,
 That may be and will be accounted a sin,
 What hast thou to say to the same ?
 You being strangers, said he to the men,
 A couple of pilgrims unknown,
 Walk as you like till you walk till your end,
 And try to let others alone.
 But what art thou leaning or trusting upon,
 Said Christian, for pardon of sin ?

He believed, he said, in the Wonderful One,
In a way that would justify him.
He knew his Lord's will and his just debts he paid,
Which as long as he lived he would do ;
Besides, he gave alms, and he fasted and prayed,
And his heart, he believed, was good too.
But Christian believed his heart the reverse,
'Twas every day evil ; he knew that
Deceitful and desperately wicked it was,
And the Bible declared it true that.
But the Bible was speaking of hearts very bad,
So Ignorance said and believed ;
But he had good thoughts from a child to a lad,
And he knew that he was not deceived.
They left him to muse a long while I dare say,
And they entered a very dark lane,
And saw a man taken by demons away,
And they thought Turn-away was his name.
Then Christian said, Little-faith I suppose
Was robbed somewhere about here,
And a good man he was, as is any who goes,
He dwelt in the town of Sincere.
But weak in the faith, so he came to the worse,
Faint-heart, Mistrust, and Guilt,
Three robbers, they bade him deliver his purse,
Or his blood every drop would be spilt.
But that was declined, he did not make haste,
To pull out his money was touching, •

He having none either to part with or waste
His purse having not very much in.
They searched him then, the whole trio of men,
His every pocket was sounded ;
And gone in a trice was the silver of him,
And by Guilt with a club he was wounded.
He cried out thieves, it was time to do so,
The man for assistance was longing ;
The villains had knocked him down at a blow,
And money they had taken from him.
He might have been killed in such an affray,
But some one the robbers were hearing ;
And if it were Great Grace upon the highway,
He, like enough, would be appearing.
They took to their heels and did leave him for dead,
And too true it is he was gory ;
But when he had strength he arose and he fled,
And finally ended in glory.
Now let us beware of the Dead-man's lane,
He said unto Hopeful, his brother,
'Tis true, Little-faith got a nap in the same,
And there was attacked by robbers.
Then Christian sang, there is a gang
Of thieves in Dead-man's lane,
One Little-faith, an honest man,
Was robbed by the same.
Then let us shun the ground forbid,
To have the faith that we

May never suffer as he did,
By such a robbing three.
They walked along till they came to a place,
Where a way put itself into their way,
Which seemed as straight as the other one was,
That puzzled the pilgrims I may say.
Confounded they stood, for they neither could tell
Which of the ways was the good one,
Nor whether it was that would lead them to hell,
No more than the ground that they stood on.
At last a one came and did say unto them,
Why are you at a stand-still ?
Because we know not the right way, said the men,
Unto the Celestial Hill.
'Tis thither I go, follow me, for I know
Every foot of the way to its summit ;
They followed him till they were into a net,
And in vain did they try to get from it.
Thus he led them astray by his flattering way,
Tho' the Shepherds had bid them beware ;
If they had consulted their note of the way,
They might have escaped his snare.
But one with a whip he did go to the net,
And instantly tore it asunder ;
And gave them the counsel they did not forget,
And whipped them too for the blunder.
He said ye have erred and strayed, and why ?
By alighting your note that is near ;

Repent and be zealous, the King of the Sky
 Has seen you entangled here.
 Then Atheist met them, and whither away,
 And what are you seeking ? he cries ;
 Mount Zion, the pilgrims unto him did say,
 A city that is in the skies.
 There is no Mount Zion, said he unto them,
 I've sought it I know not how long ;
 There is a Mount Zion responded the men,
 It is in the world to come.
 He laughed most heartily at the two men,
 Who asked him what did he mean ?
 To see such a couple of ignorant men ;
 Mount Zion will never be seen.
 But Christian said, we have heard and believe
 In the glorious regions afar,
 Our faith is in One that will never deceive,
 Who dwells where the seraphims are.
 He laughed again and they turned away,
 And towards Mount Zion they trod ;
 Still hoping to enter the portals of day,
 To dwell in the City of God.
 They had to pass over the Enchanted Ground,
 Where sights were alluring to see ;
 A more dangerous place on the way is not found,
 As travellers all do agree.
 And pilgrims are prone to be droway thereon,
 And were they to sleep on the same,

Against them it might be a hundred to one,

Concerning their waking again.

And Hopeful was like to be drowsy himsel',

And where was the harm in a slumber?

But should we sleep on till we are into hell?

Said Christian, that would be a blunder.

Let us not sleep as do others, said he,

For while it is called to-day,

We know not how near the destroyer may be,

Who daily is prowling for prey.

Let us begin to converse about sin,

And how we got into the way,

That leads to the Blessed, the Father of Him,

Who is our Redeemer this day.

But first a song, my brother dear,

And I shall sing the same;

Appropriate it may be here,

On this enchanted plain.

When saints are like to drowsy be,

Let them converse of Him,

Whom you and I by faith can see,

Upholding everything.

Of wonders all the greatest is,

That He should leave the sky,

To die an ignominious death

For such as you and I.

How ought we then to think of Him,

As on the way we go,

And still detest the cursed thing,
 That He is hating so.
 But if we sleep while it is day,
 Then are we doing well ?
 Are we not sluggards on the way,
 Forgetters of himsel' ?
 Let us be watchful, wide awake,
 Progressing to our home ;
 And let us not forget the lake
 Where hope can never come.
 Uncertain life will soon be o'er,
 And then to bliss or woe ;
 Aloft to angels we shall soar,
 Or down to fiends we go.
 Then Christian did say unto Hopeful that day,
 Who heard and applauded his song ;
 How came you to think of the heavenly way,
 That many have never been on ?
 That, if I can, said the much alter'd man,
 Shall unto my brother be told ;
 And I shall begin, ere conversion began,
 When I was a sinner so bold.
 I once was as vile as the vilest can be,
 And Gallio-like I was going ;
 And heaven and hell were as ciphers to me,
 Who unto corruption was sowing.
 In sin and in trespasses I was the man,
 And I was the sinner could play,

With death and with firebrands ere I began
To think of the pilgrim's way.
But when I saw Faithful at Vanity-fair,
And how he the martyr did play;
Expiring in flames, unto you I declare,
I thought of the heavenly way.
For were I to die as the foolish, thought I,
'Twas every way like I would go,
Not to the glorious mansions on high,
But down to the chambers of woe.
And what did you do? I did try to amend,
And I thought I did do a great deal;
I read in the volume that prophets had penn'd,
And hated to lie and to steal.
On Sabbaths I went to the temple of prayer,
And heard what the minister said;
And all the responses I observed there,
But yet to the Lord I was dead.
My wicked companions I bid them farewell,
Their friendship in sin was renounc'd;
I told them their ways were all leading to hell,
And I was the madman pronounc'd.
And did you not think yourself good enough then?
I did, said the pilgrim awhile,
But heeding the volume of inspired men,
The heart I had in me was vile.
As before, I begun with the kingdom to come,
My sins were upon me I found,

And I was no better, not any, than some
Of my moral neighbours around.
And how did you then, said his fellow to him ;
I cried, O miserable man ;
That must have been worse than the vilest in sin,
A fountain of foulness I am.
And the more I did look at the blessed One's law,
The oftener had I to groan ;
I easily saw I was fitter for woe,
Than where I was musing alone.
At last to one I told my mind,
For he and I were brother kind ;
And soon I did perceive
That unto Jesus I must go,
He is the end of type and law
To all who can believe.
So unto Him I humbly went,
And thus it was I did repent,
A beggar I would be ;
By faith I saw His hands and feet,
He was upon a mercy seat,
And lo, he pardon'd me.
A poor unloving wretch was I,
As is beneath the azure sky ;
A slave to Satan bound.
If I could boast of anything,
My soul was deeply sunk in sin,
Till Christ the Lord I found.

Then bless the Lord alway, his brother did say,
It is condescension of Him,
To open His ears by night or by day,
To any petitions we bring.
They halted a moment, and whom did they see
But Ignorance, who had got nigh,
As brisk as a carnal professor can be,
Whose soul is unfit for the sky.
He overtook them, and they at him again,
Was he the man that he should be ?
That he knew not, said he unto the twain,
But his thoughts were as good as they could be.
What kind of thoughts was he calling so good ?
Why he thought a great deal of Mount Zion ;
And while he had breath he believed he would,
And to go to the place he was trying.
And he had left all for the King of the Sky,
Said Christian, who told thee the same ?
My heart tells me so was his foolish reply,
So Christian rejoined again.
Whoever he be that confides in his heart,
Is a fool, as the Bible declares ;
It must not be trusted in whole or in part,
As regardeth eternal affairs.
The Word of the Lord is a lamp to our feet,
And of the heart what does it say ?
Desperately wicked and full of deceit,
And dark in meridian day,

By nature then how can we think a good thought ?
 We may join with the godly in prayer ;
 But at serving the Lord we are all good for nought,
 While such a deceiver is there.
 The heart of the carnal, said Christian again,
 Is enmity unto the Lord,
 It hates Him, to use the expression so plain,
 And careth not aught for His word.
 Tell us a little concerning thy faith,
 How dost thou believe in the King ?
 That matters not, unto Christian he saith,
 So long as the way I am in.
 I daily believe I shall be justified,
 By Jesus for what I am doing ;
 I knew from a child that for sin He has died,
 And unto His place I am going.
 The faith which thou hast is a good-for-nought thing,
 And in vain thou believest and prayest ;
 For thou art a thief and a robber of Him
 Who died for sin as thou sayest.
 Thou camest not in at the wicket below,
 But in by a serpentine lane ;
 And therefore I say thou art hasting to woe,
 And all thy profession is vain.
 They left him again, and conversed of him,
 And Christian said—I am grieved
 For that poor man on account of his sin,
 Who unto this day is deceived.

Alas ! said his brother, in Vanity's Town
I know not how many are there,
As dark as he is, you might go up and down,
And find them almost anywhere.
And many are pilgrims professing the same,
But making their goodness a part,
It spoileth the whole, they have only a name,
To live : being dead at the heart.
It is a strange thing, said his brother to him,
The Gospel seems wonderful plain ;
That we, a lost race, have no goodness to bring,
It tells us again and again.
But what do you think of such pilgrims who start,
Who seem to have not any fear
Of missing their way to the heavenly port,
I cannot help thinking it queer.
They should have some fears, his brother replied,
They ought to have fears of below,
Where one drop of water is ever denied
To every despairer in woe,
But where are we now in this beautiful land,
That seems to be near to the sky ?
In Beulah, said Christian, as I understand,
By the map of the Monarch on high.
The Lord will be with us continually here,
Where angels do hover around ;
Adieu to desponding, and doubting, and fear,
Our sun it will never go down.

Clouded it may be in death by the fiend,
 Who ruins every mortal he can ;
 We must be aware of that wicked unseen,
 The greatest opponent of man.
 We are on the borders of heaven, and we
 Have plenty of oil and of wine,
 And Jerusalem new, it is yonder to see,
 Built by an Almighty Divine.
 And beautiful vineyards the pilgrims did see,
 Where fruit any time was at hand ;
 And songsters were chanting on every green tree,
 And the turtle was heard in the land.
 And either could say my Beloved is mine,
 And either could say I am His ;
 He feedeth among the fair lilies divine,
 Surrounded by seraphs in bliss.
 Of love they were sick, the Beloved was theirs,
 And the glorious city was near ;
 Glittering before them, of which they were heirs,
 Its turrets and domes did appear.
 Thanksgiving and prayer they did offer up there,
 And they sung the Jerusalem song ;
 And in a continual ecstasy were,
 Being ripe for their endless home.
 By two shining ones they were met and were set,
 Till a river to them did appear ;
 And cross it they must to the heavenly gate,
 That seemed to glitter so near.

They viewed the river, no bridge was to see,
They either must ford it or swim ;
And the depth of its waters unto them would be,
As they did believe in the King.
The shiners said so, and the shiners did know,
So the wayfaring couple did enter :
And he the destroyer immediately saw,
And they had to do with the tempter.
I sink in deep waters, poor Christian did say,
And the billows go over my head ;
I shall not see whom I have sought on the way.
The One that arose from the dead.
Neither the land that with honey is flowing,
For my sins I am into the snare ;
And there am I left on account of my doings,
And soon will I sink in despair.
Then a great darkness on Christian did fall,
He could not see where he was going ;
Nor could he think of the grand city at all,
Such darts was the enemy throwing.
For the sins of his life he was wading confounded,
He thought and he thought of the same ;
And feared until he was very nigh drowned,
Again, and again, and again.
His brother did all he could do to console him,
To comfort him in his distress ;
He said he could see shining ones waiting for them,
And Jesus was ready to bless.

Be of good cheer, my desponding brother,
And of the destroyer beware ;
We hang upon Jesus and not any other,
Your hope and your brother's is there .
Then Christian did say, I behold Him again,
His presence by faith I can see ;
And glory for ever be unto His name,
For what He is saying to me.
I will be with thee in flood and in flame,
Deep waters shall not overflow thee ;
Thy strength and high tower shall be in my name,
And with loving cords will I draw thee.
That silenc'd the tempter, the river became
No longer a terror to them,
For in a few seconds they forded the same,
And got to the shiners again
Who said we are ministering spirits sent out,
We have to attend to the wise ;
Come with us along in the glorious route,
To Zion that is in the skies.
'Twas then they did fly to the regions on high,
The shining ones leading the way ;
To the pearly gate where the city was nigh,
And grand conversation had they.
And over the gate an encouraging sight,
The words were—how blessed they be
That do His commandments, for they have a right
To eat of the Paradise tree.

And trumpeters met them, all shining they were,

Upon the King's business they came ;

And they blew such a blast that it filled the air,

And glory to God was the same.

The heirs of salvation their passes gave in,

And when the King saw them said He—

Open unto them and trumpet them in,

To sing Hallelujahs to me.

To inherit a kingdom prepared for you,

Ye blessed come into the same ;

So said the Monarch to whom they did bow,

The King of all kings is His name.

The dreamer then saw the most wonderful show,

As heaven admitted the men ;

He just got a peep at Mount Zion, and, lo !

He would have been glad to go in.

Then he beheld Ignorance up to the gate,

But as he ascended alone—

The reader, however, may guess at his fate,

A pass unto bliss he had none.

To the side of the hill he was taken away,

And shut up no more to be seen ;

And Bunyan awoke in the den where he lay,

And behold it was only a dream.

LINES ON LOT.

—:0:—

It is in the Scriptures we read about Lot,
The righteous are they who are never forgot ;
When he must be saved the story is grand,
Two angels are seen in the Sodomite land.
And unto the house of the righteous they went,
With tidings terrific the couple were sent ;
The sins of the dwellers in heaven were seen,
Exceedingly wicked the people had been.
And Lot and his house must be quick to prepare,
To bid an adieu unto every thing there ;
The judgments of Him who is just were impending,
To overthrow Sodom the Lord was intending.
But would not until his escape was begun,
That must be immediate the danger to shun ;
The angels allowed no time to delay,
As a brand from the burning they snatch'd him away.
Ere Sol had arisen the day to begin,
Was he out of the streets of the Sodom of sin ;
Then unto the mountain he quickly must flee,
Nor look for a moment behind him to see
A sight so terrific as that would be when
The Lord rained fire on women and men ;
But Lot hesitated and lingered in fear

He said that a little wee city was near.
And might he go thither to there be the one,
Whose voice could be heard when the others were gone?
The favour was granted without any more,
His steps should be unto the city of Zoar.
So he and his women they hurried and went,
And fire and brimstone on Sodom was sent ;
Woe unto its people, Gomorrah likewise,
Did share of the fire that fell from the skies.
And she who was wife of the righteous Lot,
For looking behind her when she should have not ;
Her journey was ended, the woman did halt,
The looker was turned to a pillar of salt.
Which may unto some seem a paradox queer,
Has it not met with an infidel sneer ?
But sceptical be not, the Giver of Life
Pronounced the sentence, Remember Lot's wife.



A DIVINE SONG.

—:O:—

If wise unto salvation,
We ever do become,
In Britain's generous nation,
The best below the sun.
Where liberty of conscience,
That every one is free,
To serve the King Immortal,
Wherever they may be.
A serious beginning,
And the narrow way be trod ;
And be afraid of sinning,
Against the Blessed God.
Accept the invitation,
Obey the gospel call ;
A precious salvation
Is offered unto all.
A starry crown before us,
An everlasting gain ;
And Christ the Lord is for us,
Hosannah to His name.
He lived and He died,
As every one may know ;
The just was crucified,



To spoil the prince of woe.
Let misers cling to treasure.
That is but yellow clay ;
And let the man of pleasure
Enjoy it in his way.
May I believe the story,
That One has loved me,
Who left His throne in glory,
And bled on Calvary.
With such a faith as this is,
The Christian race is run ;
In vain the serpent hisses,
We all may overcome.
Believe the Gospel story,
And imitate the wise ;
The racers unto glory,
Celestial in the skies.



LINES ON THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

In the Christian's volume a story is told;
Of how the Lord plagued King Pharaoh of old,
And why or wherefore in a moment we see,
It was the Lord's purpose His people to free,
Who groaned in bondage, their sorrowful cries
Were heard and regarded by Him of the skies;
Whose promise has never yet proved in vain,
His covenant He did remember again.
And Israel, His chosen, from bondage should be,
But Pharaoh frustrated awhile the decree;
The consequence was that a part of his food,
The Nile's flowing waters were turned to blood;
Then seven days passed to see if the King
Would let the Lord's people's departure begin;
But Pharaoh refused; alas! it was so,
He consented not to let Israel go.
Then frogs in the land in abundance were seen,
Were swarming with these where oppression had been;
And when the frogs died the lice were to be
A plague unto Pharaoh, so harden'd was he.
Then flies unto him and his people were sent,
And Moses and Aaron to sacrifice went,
And when they returned they saw it was plain

That obstinate Pharaoh was hardened again.
The murrain of cattle was purpos'd and near,
And it was the next of the plagues to appear ;
And being so fatal, before it was long,
The whole of the cattle in Egypt were gone.
But Israel's all were untouched indeed,
Not one of them died of murrain we read.
King Pharaoh, yet harden'd, was plagued again,
Sufficient was sent him of blotches and blain ;
Then hail rushed down and the thunder began,
Terrific to children, to woman and man ;
The branches of trees in the woodlands were down'd,
And thunderbolts many fell unto the ground ;
But Israel was safe with the Lord at his hand.
One hailstone fell not into Goshen's green land.
Then millions of locusts did follow the hail,
And thousands of people did weep and bewail ;
And Pharaoh to Moses had something to say,
He rather repented till they were away.
Then harden'd again, pitch darkness begun,
Three days in succession adieu to the sun ;
King Pharaoh's dominions were darken'd the while,
But Israel had light in the land of the Nile.
The last of the plagues was a teller again,
In every house the first-born to be slain ;
And so it did happen, the tragedy came,
In a night all the first-born in Egypt were slain.
Then Israel may go if he chooses the same,

To serve his Creator in Canaan again,
And Israel is glad on the longed-for day,
From bondage to freedom he marches away ;
The sea is divided, he enters the main,
To get to the land of his Fathers again.
And Pharaoh pursues him as fast as he can,
With horses and chariots ; adieu to that man ;
The waters are heaped awaiting for him,
And he and his thousands all perish therein.

Moses then said, I will sing to the Lord ;

My horn of salvation is He ;

The horse and his rider lie scattered abroad,

They are in the depths of the sea.

The Lord is my buckler and He is my song,

From bondage He has set us free ;

The horses and chariots of Pharaoh are gone,

They are in the depths of the sea.

The Lord is my helper the wonderful One,

My shield and my helmet is He ;

The foe he is scatter'd—forever is gone,

He is in the depths of the sea.

Miriam then struck up her timbrel and sung,

She sounded this beautiful glee ;

The horse and his rider are gloriously flung,

They are in the depths of the sea.

quid eni

LINES ON GOLIAH OF GATH.

—:0:—

Have you heard of a giant or gigantic man,
Whose height was six cubics and more ?
Goliah of Gath, he was six and a span,
And he was the human who bore
A jacket of mail and a helmet of brass,
And greaves on his legs were to see ;
And a target of brass—a surpriser it was,
And a wonderful spear had he.
Before him a person went bearing a shield,
The huge Philistine to defend ;
And the foe was invited to fight him or yield,
A challenge he daily did send,
Defied were the armies of Israel by him,
Who boasted and boasted in vain ;
A shepherd did fling but a stone from a sling,
And by it Goliah was slain.
And Israel rejoiced, triumphed in joy,
With tabrets the women did sing ;
And his head was cut off by the brave shepherd boy,
Who after was David the King.

LINES ON SHADRACH, MESHECH AND ABEDNEGO.

On Dura's plain an image grand,
A golden image high,
Was placed there in Babel's land,
Some hundred years gone by.
Erect it stood, that people should,
When instruments did play,
Fall down before the golden god ;
But three would not obey.
Abednego, and Shadrach too,
And Meshech so did he,
Not one would either fall or bow,
Or heed the king's decree.
They prayed to the living God,
Whose palace is on high ;
And ever were upon the road
That led them to the sky.
The pious lot were not forgot,
The men were bound and they
Were cast into a furnace hot,
To melt them all away,
The three were all to burned be,
But not a singed hair
Upon the men could any see,
Because the Lord was there.

LINES ON THE PROPHET ELIJAH.

—:—

We read in the Scriptures of prophets and kings,
Of miracles many and marvellous things,
Of eminent men that have been since the fall,
And of the Redeemer, the best of them all.
Also in the Scriptures we read of a seer,
A prophet of God on the earth did appear,
To Ahab the monarch from Gilead he came,
And he was the Tishbite—Elijah by name.
And thus to his highness in costly array,
The robber of Naboth, the prophet did say—
 The clouds are forbidden to drop any rain,
 As sure as before thee I stand ;
 The ground shall be ploughed and sowed in vain,
 A famine will be in the land,
By telling him so, he displeased the King,
Who purpos'd the prophet's destruction to bring :
But God by His Word to Elijah did say :
To Cherith, by Jordan, now get thee away,
And drink of the brook and the fowls on the wing,
The ravens, thy every-day victuals shall bring,
Which he, having heard the good man, did obey,
And he was fed in a miraculous way.

Every day ravens saw he on the wing,
 Taking a breakfast and supper to him ;
 Until the brook dried, then off he must be,
 As far as Zarepath—a widow to see,
 Who then would support him, and what was her store ?
 A meal for herself and her son and no more.
 But thus it must be that the works may be seen,
 Of Him who is Lord of the peasant and queen ;
 Leaving brook Cherith away he did go,
 He walked until the poor widow he saw,
 Whose hands of industry some faggots had won,
 To cook the last meal for herself and her son ;
 He asked for water, and as she did go,
 A morsel of bread was required also,
 But as the Lord liveth she said unto him,
 In vain thou art hoping for any such thing ;
 A handful of meal and some oil in a cruse,
 Was unto Elijah the best of her news.
 But go thou and bake, he unto her did say,
 The handful of meal shall not vanish away ;
 Neither the oil that is crused shall fail,
 Till showers do water the mountain and vale.
 He dwelt with the widow we know not how long,
 Say very nigh till the sore famine was gone ;
 And her meal wasted not, nor the oil till the rain
 Was falling in torrents on mountain and plain.
 And when her son died, Elijah by prayer
 Awaked the dead, as the Scriptures declare ;

Then again the Lord unto his prophet did say,
To Ahab, the monarch, now get thee away ;
The bottles of heaven shall pour it amain,
Till dried-up fountains are filled with rain ;
Delaying not any he went till he came,
Unto a good man, Obadiah by name,
Who did recognise him upon the highway ;
And art thou Elijah ? he to him did say.
I am, said the prophet, and if thou canst hear,
Make known to thy Lord that Elijah is here.

What is my sin, said the innocent man,
That I must be down to the dead men,
Is it for being as good as I can—

I hid the Lord's prophets and fed them ?
And should I pronounce unto Ahab thy name,
And shouldst thou refuse to appear ;
I am the man that would have to be slain,
For saying Elijah is here.

As the Lord of hosts liveth, Elijah did say,
Myself shall be shown unto Ahab this day ;
So wicked King Ahab the prophet did see,
And art thou the troubler of Israel, said he ?
Nay, thou and thy house, with your morals so loose,
Whose hearts from the Lord are away ;
Baal has been served by thee and thy house,
And is he not unto this day ?
His prophets amount to four hundred and more,
By whom are they furnish'd with bread ?

Is it not from thy wife Jezebel's store,
That twenty score of them are fed ?
Let Israel, said he, at Mount Carmel convene,
That the God of all truth may be known ;
Supplicate Baal till an answer is seen,
And thus let the answer be shewn.
The God who shall answer by fire is he,
To have the obedience of you and of me ;
So Israel assembl'd and they were a show,
And the prophets of Baal unto Carmel did go.
With altars a couple, and bullocks a pair,
A victim for each of the altars was there ;
And they being dressed, the worshippers down,
And Baal was invoked from morning till noon.
But it was in vain, for the God neither heard
Nor to their petitions paid any regard ;
Cry aloud, said the prophet, he's either away
Or asleep, and he must be awaked to-day.
They lanced their flesh till the crimson did flow,
Yet Baal neither heard them nor answer'd nor saw ;
Then Elijah did call on the God that is high,
And fire was seen to descend from the sky
By hundreds of people, who thither had trod,
And all were astonish'd, acknowledging God.
Then if the Lord be the God, said the good man,
Walk by the law he has given ;
If Baal has to be the God, whoever can
Have any assurance of heaven ?

Elijah then turned to the prophetic men,
For he had a message from God unto them ;
Who everyone fell, as the Scriptures declare,
'Twas by the brook Kishon he killed them there,
And Jezebel's anger was kindl'd ; she said,
'Tis I who shall make such a fellow afraid ;
Let him be captur'd and dragged to me,
And I shall make known when his exit shall be.
A fool of a woman as ever yet trod,
To think she could end such a prophet of God ;
Who had made his exodus, being aware
That torture and death were awaiting him there.
Into the wilderness lonely was he,
And fast asleep under a juniper tree ;
An angel descends and the prophet espies,
And touches him gently and bids him arise,
And gives him a something to eat and to drink,
That causes the prophet to muse and to think ;
Again he reposed awhile in his flight,
And again was he fed by the angel of light ;
Thus being refreshed on Terra he trod,
Till he reached Horeb, the mountain of God.
He hit on a cave and he lodged therein,
And the God of the mountain was near ;
And these are the words that He said unto him—
Elijah, what doest thou here ?
I have been jealous for Thee and Thy name,
Valiant for truth in the land ;

Idolatrous Israel Thy prophets have slain,
 And I do in jeopardy stand,
 Then God passed by him, the wind did arise,
 And the rock into pieces was broken ;
 And fire was seen by the man in surprise,
 And God the Almighty was talking.
 And he must declare all he gathered there,
 Jehu a monarch become ;
 And Elisha the prophetic mantle to wear,
 Whenever Elijah was gone.
 All he made known, at which some stood aghast,
 And told unto Ahab his fortune at last.
 When Samaria's monarch was sick and would send,
 Concerning his doom to enquire,
 The messengers must unto Ekron's God wend,
 For such was the monarch's desire.
 Elijah ascended a hill by the town,
 (Having said Ahaziah would die),
 And called for fire, and fire came down,
 And fifties were burned thereby.
 Great was the power unto him was given,
 By One he did ever obey ;
 Who seeth the actions of those under heaven,
 And willeth that people should pray.
 At last unto heaven the prophet did go,
 A chariot of fire was sent ;
 And horses of fire appeared also,
 And in the conveyance he went.

LINES FROM THE TESTAMENT.

—:0:—

Blessed shall all be who sin do forsake,
That in the Scripture is plain ;
A victim divine satisfaction did make,
A glorious being was slain.
To save every one the most Wonderful's Son,
Into a lost world was sent ;
The marvellous work of Redemption is done,
And sinners all ought to repent.
He has done all a Redeemer could do,
Hosannah be unto His name ;
I may be with Him in glory, and you,
Or all the glad tidings are vain.
How nature convulsed as bleeding He hung,
A while agonizing in pain,
Is told in the Gospel, by Matthew for one,
A moment I glance at the same.
Events occurred that never had been
Since Abel was killed by Cain,
Or the forbidden tree was arrayed in green,
Or Sol shed his rays on the main.
The darkness was sent and the marble was rent,
And the veil of the temple was twain ;
And the dead were awaked and nature all shaken,
When Christ the Redeemer was slain.

THE BELIEVER'S SONG.

* —:0:—

I long for my home that is far, far away, .
In a country that is favor'd with a never-ending day ;
Where cherubim and seraphim and happy spirits be,
Around the King Immortal in his ain countree.
My heart and my treasure and my pleasures are away,
Are ever in the land where is one eternal day ;
Believing I rejoice, for as yet I cannot see
The pearly gates of heaven in my ain countree.
A stranger in a land where are enemies to fear,
And many ups and downs while my heart is beating
here ;

But they will be forgotten, and as nothing unto me,
When I hear the royal anthems of my ain countree.
My sins have been many and a rebel I have been,
But the words of the loving Sin-forgiver I have seen ;
And His actions I have heard of, the thief upon the
tree,

Was carried by Himsel' to His ain countree.
And He who is merciful, the ever-loving Chief,
Who took to His pavilion the crucified thief,
'Tis He who will be ready any time for me,
To see Him in His glory in His ain countree.
My soul day and night on the promises I fling.

I plunge in the fountain that is opened for sin ;
I glory in the truth and I shudder at a lee,
For nothing of the kind's in my ain countree.
Ever taking heed to my words and my ways,
And thinking very much of what loving Jesus says ;
I watch and I pray, for I have to ready be,
To go at any moment to my ain countree.
I long for my home, and no wonder that I do,
The Shepherd of my soul, He is mercy-seated now,
I have to walk by faith, but the time will come to be,
When in glory I shall see Him in His ain countree.
The Blessed over all who is higher than the skies,
'Tis He who shall wipe every tear from my eyes ;
Sorrow, death, and sadness, and pain will never be,
In the house of many mansions in my ain countree.
To every one may grace be to make an end of sin,
Be anything or nothing, such a country to win ;
The narrow way and watch and pray, if ever ye would
see
The Saviour glorified in His ain countree.

LINES ON JONAH.

—:0:—

The word of the Lord unto Jonah it came,
And he must arise and go then.
To Ninevah's city and use the Lord's name,
To preach to the women and men.
By Ninevah's people the Lord was forgot,
Entirely forgotten had been ;
One righteous man in the city was not,
Although it was large to be seen.
But Jonah refused, to Joppa he fled,
And there he a vessel espied ;
For Tarshish was bound, and his passage he paid,
And in her he ventur'd to ride.
But God sent a wind to the watery scene,
That caused the seamen to wonder ;
Who never before such a tempest had seen,
The billows were roaring like thunder.
Each one to his God, each afraid he would sink,
All anticipating the bottom ;
Save Jonah asleep, tho' himself on the brink
Of being forever forgotten.
What meanest thou, sleeper ? awake and arise,
And call on the God that is thine ;

If ever he meant to begin to be wise,
They told him that then was the time.
But lots they would cast, and they did cast a few,
And the lot upon Jonah did fall ;
Who freely confess'd unto the ship's crew,
His fault was revealed to all.
Then what shall we do that the sea may be calm ?
'Tis thou hast committed the sin ;
Cast me into it, replied the man,
Expecting to perish therein.
They rowed awhile, till the mariners saw,
That every attempt was in vain ;
So the faulty Hebrew overboard he must go,
Or they would become the dead men.
Then into the ocean he gently was thrown ;
But a fish was prepar'd by the Lord,
To swallow alive the refractory one,
Who should have proclaimed His word.
The billows did cease that had roared like thunder,
Terrific to every one ;
And the winds were away to the caves of their
slumbers,
When Jonah the preacher was gone.
Three days and nights, as the Scripture is telling,
To any that looketh thereon :
The monster fish belly to him was a dwelling,
And there did he pray to the One
Whom winds and whom seas and whom tempests obey,

By Whom every planet is roll'd ;
Who made the bright orb that is ruling the day,
And every thing we can behold.
His prayer being fervent, was heard in the sky,
And how it was answer'd we know ;
The fish must deliver its captive, and why ?
It was the Lord's will to be so.
It was the Almighty constrained the fish,
To swim to the side of the main ;
And Jonah was vomited not any worse,
On earth was his dwelling again.
From God he attempted, endeavoured to flee,
But vain was the thought of his hiding,
For He in the heavens did easily see,
The vessel in which he was riding.
What folly to try the Lord's presence to shun,
'Tis He who beholdeth our goings ;
Whose eyes to and fro in the world doth run,
In darkness he seeth our doings.



HOW MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

It was the Lord of life and love,
In Paradise did place
Our sinless parents in the grove,
Its riches to embrace.
While innocence was in his breast,
And there he did sojourn,
He loved his Creator best,
Man was not made to mourn.
He knew no sin, no evil knew,
So happy, blest, and free ;
Had leave to eat of all that grew,
Except the knowledge tree.
No rivals there, no wicked men,
To make his anger burn ;
A ruling Prince in Eden then,
Man was not made to mourn.
The fruit of God around him grew,
On trees in order grand,
Sweet to the taste, rare to the view,
And ever at his hand.
His loving Lord pronounc'd him blest,
And what say you in turn ?
I say while Eden he possess'd,

Man was not made to mourn.
But, ah ! the tempter's cursed skill,
The woman did deceive ;
She eat the fruit at Satan's will,
And Adam eat with Eve.
The Lord expell'd him from his seat,
Again to ne'er return ;
To till the ground, to till and eat,
Thus man was made to mourn.
By eating of the pleasing tree,
Did knowledge come and strife ;
And death and sin and enmity,
Are tinctur'd with our life.
We sorrows have, and grief and woes,
While here we do sojourn ;
Each day and hour and moment shews,
That man was made to mourn.



12

Lines on Jacob Blessing his Twelve Sons.

When Jacob was nigh to the land of the lea,
His eyes being aged and dim,
He call'd for his dozen around him to be,
Till thus they were blessed by him.
Of Reuben, my first-born, my strength and my might,
Unstable as water I tell ;
My couch was defiled by that Israelite,
And therefore he shall not excel.
Simeon and Levi, reverses shall see,
A man in their anger was slain ;
And therefore in Israel they scattered shall be,
In Jacob divided in twain.
Mine honour, be not thou united to such,
They digged a wall to the ground ;
And cruelty's instruments frightful to touch,
In their habitations are found.
Judah is blessed in basket and store,
Extoll'd by his brethren is he ;
Till Shiloh appear, who shall come from afar,
With Judah the sceptre shall be.
And his ass and his foal shall be led to the vine,
And bound thereunto for his sake ;

And the garments he wears shall be wash'd in wine,
And his clothes in the blood of the grape.
Zebulun is free to sojourn by the sea,
Where vessels may anchor beside him ;
An haven for shipping he surely shall be.
And his border shall be unto Zidon.
A servant to tribute shall Issachar be,
'Tis he who is willing and strong
As the untam'd ass that was foal'd to be free,
Two burdens at once he has borne.
Dan as a judge in the land shall be known,
In the way as an adder shall lie ;
To bite the horse heels till the rider is thrown,
Who perchance may be killed thereby.
Gad for a time overpower'd shall be,
Overcome by a troop that is strong ;
But at the last he shall o'ercome, and shall be
In Israel a powerful one.
Fat shall the bread be of Asher, my son.
Royal dainties he ever shall find ;
And Naphtali giveth good words unto some,
He shall be let loose as a hind.
Joseph, a fruitful bough, is by a well,
His branches run over the wall ;
And heavenly blessings the Lord shall compel,
Unnumber'd upon him to fall.
The archers have shot at him, grieved him sore.
By enemies he has been hated ;

But strong are his hands that were strengthen'd before,

By the hands of the great God of Jacob.

Benjamin he shall voracious be,

Devouring when others do slumber ;

His prey shall be captur'd when no one can see,

And as a wolf tear it asunder.

Thus the old patriarch blessed the men,

His sons who had often obey'd him ;

He gave up the ghost, was embalmed, and then

In the cave of Machpelah they laid him.



A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

—:—

There is a time for everything,
To be below the sun ;
So said the wisest of the men,
Whose days and years are gone.
A time to laugh, a time to weep,
A time to be in woe ;
A time to plough the watery deep,
Where merchantmen do go.
A time of peace, a time of war,
When drums are heard to sound,
And hundreds and thousands are
All gasping on the ground.
A time for people to begin
On pilgrimage to go ;
An everlasting crown to win,
By striving here below.
A time to cast our longing eyes,
To glorious realms afar ;
To blissful regions in the skies,
Where God and angels are.
A time for man to breathe his last,
To moulder and decay ;

A time to think of moments past,
In folly thrown away.
A time for you, a time for me,
Whose shadow is ungone ;
A time for everything to be,
That is below the sun.
But when the latest trump shall sound,
And awful thunders roar ;
Then farewell unto sun and moon,
For time shall be no more.

THE END OF THESE RHYMES.



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